

Covenant Wars: The Journal Of 117

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><p>"Move, move, move. Get your ass into that trench," Jhonson yelled as plasma shredded through a nearby top sing. "Chief see if you can get that wrecked scorpion propped up for better cover"<p>

"You got it," I replied moving to the tank. It once helped us take this half of the city until the Scarabe showed up. Fortunately that the force of the Scarabes own weapon pushed it off the cliff. That was why we choose this city. Unfortunately the Covenant got here first. The last week was a living hell getting this far dug in, and with no scorpion I knew that the two Hunters guarding the tower on the hill would be nearly impossible to deal with. Surveying the wreckage I knew that it wouldn't make for much cover but we needed anything we could get. With two tries I had the tank where Jhonson wanted it. "There that should hold unless the Hunters come out."

"It'll do fine Chief. I just hope you're right about the Hunters being guards," Jhonson remarked. "We should probably move out by tomorrow though. Those bastards keep getting closer to finding us all the time. Without our trenches they would have by now."

I knew this was true because of the fresh burn marks on the closest buildings and the destroyed stop sign. Our 'trenches' were mainly underground tunnels but in some spots they veered above ground so we could survey the Covenant movements, yesterday I saw what I feared.

The Hunters had come outside for the first time since we arrived at the city. This I told the marines, what I didn't tell them was that these were like no Hunters I had ever seen. instead of a mounted fuel rod cannon there right arms had another bullet proof shield attached identical to the one on their left arms. Both Hunters duel wielded what looked like enormous war hammers, then as for their armor it was completely black instead of the customary bright blue. And if matters couldn't be worse it seemed that the only weak spot was at the base of the neck. Which meant close combat only to kill one. Unless you had a tank or some rockets...

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